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SAMENESS AND VARIETY.

HAPPINESS was a favourite topic among the last-century essayists, and many a solemn fable and allegory did it give occasion to. Eudoxus wanders forth in the morning in pursuit of it, and finds for a time all gay and pleasant; but soon the clouds gather, the winds blow, and the thunder rolls, &c. Or Seged, emperor of Ethiopia, retires with his court to a delightful retirement in an island of the Nile, determined to be happy, and to make all happy, for a week; but on the very first day his favourite mistress is taken ill; on the next, something equally unfortunate takes place; the disaster of each succeeding day is worse and worse, till at last he returns to his palace, with the conviction that no such thing as happiness exists. Thus did these respectable old gentlemen go on, always ending with the sage discovery that man is the natural victim of misery, and that it is all in vain for him to try to avoid his fate. To the present day, there is a prevailing disposition in literature to take gloomy views of life; but the world practically denies their truth. Men are every where seen pursuing happiness, each in his own way, and many enjoying it in no small measure. Theoretically, perhaps, they would allow, with the poets, that happiness does not exist below; but they would not be prevented by such acknowledgment from next minute entering heartily into some scheme for a party of pleasure, or making proposals for the hand of some fair one whom they believed to be capable of rendering them supremely happy. There is no consistency, in fact, between the hypothetical views and the actual conduct of men on this point.

The error seems chiefly to arise from the obvious fact that no particular possession, or condition, or course of conduct, insures happiness. The rich pine over what, when poor, they thought would be sure to make them happy. He who, in his days of toil, has sighed for leisure, finds, when it has been obtained, that the pains of vacuity are not less than those of oppressive labour. Rigid adherence to particular systems are alike found to disappoint their votaries of the calm felicity which was expected from them. But let us think what sort of world it would be, if only one particular tangible thing, or one particular condition, or one particular course of conduct, were to confer happiness? Evidently it would be a world of utter sameness and languor, instead of the world of infinite variety and incessant activity which it really is. We may be satisfied, then, that happiness was not designed to be the invariable concomitant of any such particular things, but to be a temptation towards an infinite variety of pursuits, and a perpetual activity of our faculties. How otherwise could we have been active beings? How otherwise could the whole of our faculties have received employment? It is to be remarked, that some things continue longer to give satisfaction than others, and that some of the highest of our sentiments and affections never tire of exercise. We do not, for instance, so soon weary of bread, or sound animal food, or any other of the staple articles of life, as of the luxuries which are more rarely presented. Nor can the practice of any lofty duty, or the enjoyment of the love of any beloved relative, ever appear less excellent than at first, but rather the contrary, "as streams their channels deeper wear." But, while the reasons for these peculiarities of our economy are obvious, it is equally clear that changes in diet, and varieties of object and of employment, are necessary, in order to maintain the stimulus of life. And if such be the constitution of our nature, is it not plain, that, instead of complaining that every thing proves in the long-run stale, flat, and unprofitable, we should simply be ready to shift our views from that which has become tiresome, to

that which is new? "We are taught by Celsus," says Dr Johnson, "that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exercise, interrupting the successions of rest and labour, and mingling hardships with indulgence. The body, long accustomed to stated quantities and uniform periods, is disordered by the smallest irregularity; and since we cannot adjust every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit sometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with necessary affairs, or strong inclinations. The same laxity of regimen is necessary to intellectual health. Long confinement to the same company, which, perhaps, similitude of taste first brought together, quickly contracts our faculties, and makes a thousand things offensive, that are in themselves indifferent."

The same disagreeable results arise from a long condemnation to any particular line of study. In fact, the monotony which is so apt to befall a life of ease, is just the principal reason why a life of ease so often becomes distasteful. Persons in affluent circumstances, finding no occasion to exert their faculties, in time experience the unavoidable punishment which unemployed faculties inflict, and are wretched in consequence of the very leisure of which a small portion would save other overtasked individuals from a different, but not less distressing or fatal misery. Others, again, from a laudable dread of the consequences of excessive irregularity, pay too rigid a regard to system and rule. Concluding in their own minds that certain particular kinds of food are the best, and that certain narrow views of conduct embrace all that can be right, they become the victims of a tyranny of accuracy and habit, as remote from the designs of nature as the wildest irregularity or intemperance. To such persons the conduct of a child in reference to a toy might convey a valuable lesson. When such an object is presented to an infant of ordinary vivacity, we at first see extreme eagerness to obtain possession of it. Clutched at length, it is subjected to a thorough examination, and turned to all conceivable uses. Finally, wonder having done its utmost upon it, the poor bauble is silently dropped, or wantonly tossed aside, as no longer capable of imparting the least gratification. The child says as plainly as if in words, "The subject is exhausted;" and then it is all agaze for something new. The conduct of grown-up people is exactly the same with regard to all the glories and possessions that they strain for. Each pleases for a while, but is at last thrown aside as vain and worthless. All of which merely shows, that it is not in the thing itself, but in the way the mind works upon it, that happiness consists—that happiness, in short, is not a thing, but a function—and that, unless the various faculties of the mind and body be employed, according to their natural character, with a judicious succession of objects, and with proper rests and renewals of activity, there can be no happiness even in the midst of all the comforts and flatteries that wealth can buy, or homage bestow.

It is part of the philosophy of the Division of Labour, that employment should be monotonous. Each man must attend to his pin-head or his pin-point alone, and that with untiring perseverance, for a certain number of hours out of every day of his life, if he is to be useful as a workman; for only by such constancy on the part of every man to his own minute department, is the benefit of the entire system to be realised. So also, in a highly artificial and intensely complicated mercantile system like ours, each man feels it to be necessary for his prosperity, that he should scarcely ever on any

account be absent from the back of his counter or desk. Now, these things may be part of a just political economy. It may be shown that labour and capital are by such means rendered in the highest degree productive, and individual and general wealth best promoted. But political economy does not profess to embrace views respecting morals and happiness. It is only an accurate instrument for measuring and estimating in one department of the great subject of social economy. It may be as true as light, that, in shifting from one task to another, a certain sauntering, as Mr Babbage calls it, takes place. Instead of disputing this, we readily acknowledge it as a fact of our own daily experience. After getting ingratiated with a particular task, one goes on rapidly and pleasantly, and, when called to another, it is long before the same degree of facility and pleasantness in its execution is felt, so that between tasks there is always some time lost. It is also very true, as was pointed out the other day by the author of Tremaine, in his Illustrations of Human Life, that close application to shop-keeping, or any other monotonous duty, becomes after a time by no means disagreeable, the mind being engrossed in the object, and losing relish for every thing else; so that, to make up a resolution for a day's play, or in the least to step beyond the gin-horse track, is felt to be painful and troublesome. But these facts do not settle the question. The individual now addressing the public chances to have had ample experience of monotonous and long-continued tasks, and he is satisfied of the following facts resulting from them—that, though the mind becomes at ease in prosecuting such a task, and would perhaps dislike to be removed to another, it loses at the same time part of its power, and by and bye does not perform its duty nearly so well as at first—that from this there is but one alternative, namely, a great uneasiness under the task, leading equally to its being ill performed. In fact, the case is exactly analogous to that of confinement within doors. Many women are found to become reconciled to an absolute privation of the fresh air, and could not be forced without great pain to go out to take a walk. But every physician knows that the tranquillity under such a privation is an unnatural and dangerous condition—the result, in fact, of a certain falsification of the system. So it is with the reconciliation to a monotonous employment. We have, then, but two results from monotonous tasks long persevered in—a reconciliation to them at the expense of health and vigour, or a chafing under them which must be equally detrimental. The latter is a comparatively rare case, bearing as small a proportion, perhaps, to the other, as the number of involuntary prisoners bears to the number of the voluntary; but the aggregate of mental power lost in this country, through the too monotonous and unexciting lines of duty involved in its manufacturing, mercantile, and social systems, must be immense.

While it is well to ascertain the truth upon these, as upon all other points, it must at the same time be acknowledged, that, without divided labour and assiduous and long-continued tasks, the business of such a world as ours could not proceed. We cannot have such advantages as are known to proceed from the existing system, without the forfeiture in some measure of the blessings of a more natural mode of life. But, while monotony rules the most of our time and energies, much might be done, by judicious relaxations and occasional changes, to obviate its bad consequences. Means will occur to almost every one, appropriate to his own particular case, for bringing about relaxations and changes in his employment. It is clear that there ought to be much amusement, and ample facilities for

obtaining excitements of an innocent kind. Mental labourers should endeavour to obtain occasional physical employment: for our part, we could often most willingly exchange tasks with the poor fellows who break stones by the way-side, merely to get our sinews put into the play which a constant *write-writing* almost denies them. Our friends the stone-breakers should repay the compliment by occasionally reading our lucubrations, by which means they would produce a capital diversion in favour of their overlaboured backs and arms. Clerks and subaltern officials of all kinds, who, from having no interest of their own in their ordinary tasks, are very apt to lose self-dependence, should, in all possible cases, have something of their own to do. Sober people with competencies, and those who, by successful business, can afford to live in easy circumstances, should take measures for now and then gently poking the fire of existence, which otherwise is apt to burn low, and get very eaky or ashy. For such persons we know no means of varying and amusing existence so ready as gardening. The thought that you have tomorrow to lay out the sunny southern border as a bed of ranunculuses, garnished on the margins with heart's-ease and pansies—or even the contemplated duty of clearing away the weeds which are daily springing up in the gravelled walks, as if they had a mind to keep you on the alert—gives a zest to the hours devoted to the serious occupations of life. What with hoeing, pruning, planting, and weeding, so much as a little patch of flower garden, there is secured a fund of amusing exercise, which affords both health and a considerable means of happiness where the mind is well regulated. For this and many other classes, little jaunts, or, as the Scotch people call them, *plays*, may be recommended, no matter how humble the vehicle employed, or how plain the fare which is to be enjoyed. We need say no more, but simply repeat, as a maxim, that every one should endeavour so to vary his employments, and so to mix them up with amusement and recreation, as to obviate the inevitable consequences of monotony.

THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POWER.

[Readers of newspapers may perhaps have lately noticed in these vehicles of intelligence, a brief paragraph alluding to the discovery of a means of turning machinery, by electro-magnetism, which has been made by a practical mechanic in the United States of America, and is confidently expected to entirely supersede the use of steam power. The paragraph purports to be written in consequence of the perusal of an article on the subject in "Silliman's American Journal of Science and Arts, for March 1837." As the discovery may prove to be of incalculable importance, as soon as brought into operation in this country, we have thought that we should be doing a duty to the public by presenting them with the entire article in question, as given in the able periodical of Professor Silliman. It may be necessary to premise, for the information of readers not acquainted with the process of evolving the electro-magnetic power, that it is done at the most trifling expense, by means of an apparatus, called a battery, consisting of two boxes with plates of metal standing upright in them, the interspaces between the plates being filled with an acidulous liquid. From each box a wire proceeds, and this wire carries the electric or magnetic property, which is mysteriously evolved in the boxes, and by its action on leaving the wires gives a magnetic property to iron, or, according as it may be applied, motion to a revolving bar or needle fixed on a spindle. A strap from the spindle, as a matter of course, turns any machinery it is connected with.]

MANY years have passed since motion was first produced by galvanic power. The dry columns of De Luc and Zamboni caused the vibration of delicate pendulums, and the ringing of small bells, for long periods of time, even several years, without intermission.

In 1819-20, Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, discovered, that magnetism was evolved between the poles of a galvanic battery. Professor Schweigger, of Halle, Germany, by his galvanic multiplier, succeeded in rendering the power manifest, when the galvanic battery was nothing more than two small wires, one of copper and the other of zinc, immersed in as much acidulated water as was contained in a wine glass. The power thus evolved was made to pass through many convolutions of insulated wire, and was thus augmented so as to deflect the magnetic needle sometimes even 90 degrees. Professor Moll, of Utrecht, by winding insulated wire around soft iron, imparted to it prodigious magnetic power, so that a horse shoe bar, thus provided, and connected with a galvanic battery, would lift above one hundred pounds. About the same time, Mr Joseph Henry, of Albany, now Professor Henry, of Princeton College, by a new method of winding the wire, obtained an almost incredible magnetic force, lifting six or seven hundred pounds, with a pint or two of liquid and a battery of corresponding size; nor did he desist, until, a short time after (1830), he lifted thousands of pounds, by a battery of larger size, but still very small.

This gentleman was not slow to apply his skill to the generation of motion, and a successful attempt of his is recorded in Silliman's Journal, vol. xx. p. 340. A power was thus applied to the movement of a machine, by a beam suspended in the centre, which performed regular vibrations in the manner of a beam of a steam engine. This is the original application from which have sprung, or at least to which have succeeded, several similar attempts, both in this country and in

Europe. A galvanic machine was reported to the British Association in 1835, by Mr McGauley, of Ireland, and he has renewed his statements of successful experiments at the late meeting at Bristol. Mr Sturgeon, of Woolwich, England, also reports a galvanic machine as being in use on his premises for pumping water, and for other mechanical purposes.

But I believe that Mr Davenport, of Brandon, near Rutland, Vermont, has been more successful than any other person in the discovery* of a galvanic machine of great simplicity and efficiency. Having been recently invited to examine a working model, in two varieties of form, and to report the result, I shall now attempt nothing more than a general description, such as may render intelligible the account I am to give.

1. The Rotary Machine, composed of revolving electro-magnets, with fixed permanent magnets.

This machine was brought to New Haven, March 16, 1837, by Mr Israel Slade, of Troy, New York, and by him set in motion for my examination. The moving part is composed of two iron bars placed horizontally, and crossing each other at right angles. They are both five and a half inches long, and they are terminated at each end by a segment of a circle made of soft iron; these segments are each three inches long in the cord line, and their position, as they are suspended upon the ends of the iron bars, is horizontal.

This iron cross is sustained by a vertical axis, standing with its pivot in a socket, and admitting of easy rotation. The iron cross bars are wound with copper wire, covered by cotton, and they are made to form, at pleasure, a proper connection with a small circular battery, made of concentric cylinders of copper and zinc, which can be immersed in a quart of acidulated water. Two semicircles of strongly magnetised steel form an entire circle, interrupted only at the two opposite poles; and within this circle, which lies horizontally, the galvanised iron cross moves in such a manner that its iron segments revolve parallel and very near to the magnetic circle, and in the same plane. Its axis at its upper end is fitted by a horizontal cog-wheel to another and larger vertical wheel, to whose horizontal axis, weight is attached and raised by the winding of a rope. As soon as the small battery destined to generate the power, is properly connected with the machine, and duly excited by diluted acid, the motion begins, by the horizontal movement of the iron cross, with its circular segments or flanges. By the galvanic connection, these crosses and their connected segments are magnetised, acquiring north and south polarity at their opposite ends, and being thus subjected to the attracting and repelling force of the circular fixed magnets, a rapid horizontal movement is produced, at the rate of two hundred to three hundred revolutions in a minute, when the small battery was used, and over six hundred with a calorimeter of large size. The rope was wound up with a weight of fourteen pounds attached, and twenty-eight pounds were lifted from the floor. The movement is instantly stopped by breaking the connection with the battery, and then reversed by simply interchanging the connection of the wires of the battery with those of the machine, when it becomes equally rapid in the opposite direction.

The machine, as a philosophical instrument, operates with beautiful and surprising effect, and no reason can be discovered why the motion may not be indefinitely continued. It is easy to cause a very gradual flow of the impaired or exhausted acid liquor from, and of fresh acidulated water into, the receptacle of the battery; and whenever the metal of the latter is too much corroded to be any longer efficient, another battery may be instantly substituted, and that even before the connection of the old battery is broken. As to the energy of the power, it becomes at once a most interesting inquiry, whether it admits of indefinite increase. To this inquiry it may be replied, that, provided the magnetism of both the revolving cross and of the fixed circle can be indefinitely increased, then no reason appears why the energy of the power cannot also be indefinitely increased. Now, as magnets of the common kind, usually called permanent magnets, find their limits within, at most, the power of lifting a few hundred pounds, it is obvious that the revolving galvanic magnet must, in its efficiency, be limited, by its relation to the fixed magnet. But it is an important fact, discovered by experience, that the latter is soon impaired in its power by the influence of the revolving galvanic magnet, which is easily made to surpass it in energy, and thus, as it were, to overpower it. It is obvious, therefore, that the fixed magnet, as well as the revolving, ought to be magnetised by galvanism, and then there is every reason to believe that the relative equality of the two, and of course their relative energy, may be permanently supported, and even carried to an extent much greater than has been hitherto attained.

2. Rotating Machine, composed entirely of electro-magnets, both in its fixed and revolving members.

A machine of this construction has been, this day, March 29, 1837, exhibited to me by Mr Thomas Davenport himself, who came from New York to New Haven for that purpose.

It is the same machine that has been already described, except that the exterior fixed circle is now composed entirely of electro-magnets.

* Mr Davenport appears to have been strictly the inventor of a method of applying galvanism to produce rotary motion.

The entire apparatus is therefore constructed of soft unmagnetic iron, which being properly wound with insulated copper wire, is magnetised in an instant, by the power of a very small battery.

The machine is indeed the identical one used before, except that the exterior circle of permanent magnets is removed, and in its place is arranged a circle of soft iron, divided into two portions to form the poles.

These semicircles are made of hoop iron, one inch in width, and one-eighth of an inch in thickness. They are wound with copper wire insulated by cotton, covering about ten inches in length on each semicircle, and returning upon itself, by a double winding, so as to form two layers of wire, making on both semicircles about one thousand and five hundred inches.

The iron was not wound over the entire length of one of the steel semicircles, but both ends were left projecting, and being turned inward, were made to conform to the bend of the other part; each end was turned inward and not wound is about one-third of the length of the semicircle. These semicircles being thus fitted up, so as to become, at pleasure, galvanic magnets, were placed in the same machine that has been already described, and occupied the same place that the permanent steel magnets did before. The conducting wires were so arranged, that the same current that charged the magnets of the motive wheel charged the stationary ones, placed around it, only one battery being used. It should be observed, that the stationary galvanic magnets thus substituted for the permanent steel ones, were only about half the weight of the steel magnets. This modification of the galvanic magnet, is not of course the best form for efficiency; this was used merely to try the principle, and this construction may be superseded by a different and more efficient one. But with this arrangement, and notwithstanding the imperfection of the mechanism of the machine, when the battery, requiring about one quart of diluted acid to immerse it, was attached, it lifted sixteen pounds very rapidly, and when the weight was removed, it performed more than six hundred revolutions per minute.

So sensible was the machine to the magnetic power, that the immersion of the battery one inch into the acidulated water, was sufficient to give it rapid motion, which attained its maximum when the battery was entirely immersed. It appeared to me that the machine had more energy with the electro-magnets, than with those that were permanent; for with the smaller battery, whose diameter was three inches and a half, its height five inches and a half, and the number of concentric cylinders three of copper and three of zinc, the instrument manifested as great power as it had done with the largest batteries, and even with a large calorimeter, when it was used with a permanent instead of a galvanic magnet. With the small battery, and with none but electro or galvanic magnets, it revealed with so much energy as to produce a brisk breeze, and powerfully to shake a large table on which the apparatus stood.

Although the magnetisation of both the stationary and revolving magnets was imparted by one and the same battery, the magnetic power was not immediately destroyed by breaking the connection between the battery and the stationary magnet; for, when this was done, the machine still performed its revolutions with great, although diminished energy; in practice this might be important, as it would give time to make changes in the apparatus, without stopping the movement of the machine.

It has been stated by Dr Ritchie, in a late number of the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine, that electro-magnets do not attract at so great a distance as permanent ones, and therefore are not well adapted for producing motion. On this point Mr Davenport made the following experiment, of which I was not a witness, but to which I give full credit, as it was reported to me by Mr Slade, in a letter dated New York, March 24, 1837.

Mr Davenport suspended a piece of soft iron with a long piece of twine, and brought one pole of a highly charged steel magnet within the attracting distance, that is, the distance at which the iron was attracted to the magnet; by measurement, it was found that the steel magnet attracted the iron one inch and one fourth. A galvanic magnet was next used of the same lifting power, and consequently of much less weight; the attracting distance of this magnet was found to be one inch and three fourths, showing a material gain in favour of the galvanic magnet. Mr Slade inquires, "has Mr Ritchie's magnet been so constructed as to give a favourable trial to this principle?" Mr Davenport informs me that each increase in the number of wires has been attended with an increase of power.

CONCLUSIONS.

1. It appears then, from the facts stated above, that electro-magnetism is quite adequate to the generation of rotary motion.

2. That it is not necessary to employ permanent magnets in any part of the construction, and that electro-magnets are far preferable, not only for the moving but for the stationary parts of the machine.

3. That the power generated by electro-magnetism may be indefinitely prolonged, since, for exhausted acids, and corroded metals, fresh acids and batteries kept always in readiness, may be substituted, even without stopping the movement.

4. That the power may be increased beyond any limit hitherto attained, and probably beyond any which

be with certainty assigned—since, by increasing the members of the apparatus, due reference being made to the relative proportionate weight, size, and form of the fixed and moveable parts—to the length of the insulated wires and the manner of winding them—and to the proper size and construction of the battery, as well as to the nature and strength of the acid and other exciting agent, and the manner of connecting the battery with the machine, it would appear certain, that the power must be increased in some ratio which experience must ascertain.

As electro-magnetism has been experimentally proved to be sufficient to raise and sustain several thousands of pounds, no reason can be discovered why, when the acting surfaces are, by skilful mechanism, brought as near as possible, without contact, the continued exertion of the power should not generate a continued rotary movement, of a degree of energy inferior indeed to that exerted in actual contact, but still nearly approximating to it.

As the power can be generated cheaply and certainly—as it can be continued indefinitely—as it has been very greatly increased by very simple means—we have no knowledge of its limit, and may therefore presume on an indefinite augmentation of its energy, it is much to be desired, that the investigation should be prosecuted with zeal, aided by correct scientific knowledge and mechanical skill.

Nothing since the discovery of gravitation and of the structure of the celestial systems, is so wonderful as the power evolved by galvanism; whether we contemplate it in the muscular convulsions of animals, the chemical decompositions, the solar brightness of the galvanic light, the dissipating consuming heat, and, more than all, in the magnetic energy, which leaves far behind all previous artificial accumulations of this power, and reveals, as there is full reason to believe, the grand secret of terrestrial magnetism itself.

DONALD THE HAMMERER.*

LONG while ago, when the Highlands of Scotland were altogether under the domination of the chiefs of clans, who waged almost perpetual war with each other, a feud of the most deadly nature sprang up betwixt the family of Stewart of Invernahyle and that of the Campbells of Dunstaffnage, which led to a series of horrors, of which in the present peaceful times we can have no right conception.

According to the story, which is told by Highland tradition, Alexander, the laird of Invernahyle, walked out early one summer morning to view a part of his possessions, and in the course of his rambles, being somewhat fatigued, he lay down on the grass, at no great distance from the sea-shore. Whilst thus enjoying a little repose, he was not unobserved by Green Colin, as he was called, an individual of the Dunstaffnage family, brother of the chief, and who longed to sacrifice him as an enemy to his kindred. Green Colin was at the time in his barge with a number of followers, and as hastily and as warily as possible, made to the shore, where he landed, thinking, perhaps, that his victim was asleep. He, however, soon observed that Invernahyle noticed his approach, and, changing his tactics, he now advanced in the most friendly manner, and was about to salute him, when, seeing the axe lying on the ground, he grasped it, and said, "This is a good axe, Alexander, if there were peace enough in it." To which Alexander quickly replied, "Do you think there is not that in it?" and laid hold of the axe likewise, being fully sensible of the spirit of Colin's remark. During the struggle that ensued, Colin's men surrounded Alexander, and basely murdered him. They then proceeded to Island Stalker, Alexander's usual residence, and after killing every one of Alexander's friends that they could find, took possession of Invernahyle and all his other property.

Not one person escaped the fury of Green Colin and his men, except the nurse, who happened to be out walking in the fields with Alexander's only child in her arms, who had been named Donald, from his mother's father. The nurse was the blacksmith's wife of Moirdart, and being an old acquaintance of Alexander's wife, was brought by her into Appin. Upon hearing what had happened to the family in which she was engaged, and that diligent search was made for her by Green Colin and his gang, in order to put the child to death, she fled home to her own country; and upon discovering to her husband what had happened to the family of Invernahyle, they agreed to bring up the child as one of their own. It is said, the woman, being pursued in her flight, and knowing the infant's life was aimed at, hid it in a cave, having first tied a piece of lard round its neck. The nurse was made prisoner, and detained for several days. On her release, she went to the cave, expecting only to find the relics of her charge; but the infant was alive and well, the lard being reduced to the size of a hazel-nut.

When young Donald had acquired some strength, he was called to assist his supposed father in carrying on his trade; and so uncommon was his strength, that when only eighteen years of age, he could wield a large fore-hammer in each hand, for the length of the longest day, without the least seeming difficulty or fatigue.

At last the blacksmith and his wife resolved to discover to Donald the secret they had so long kept, not only from him, but from the world. After relating the mournful tale of his parents' death, the smith brought a sword of his own making, and put it into Donald's hand, saying, "I trust the blood that runs in your veins, and the spirit of your fathers, will guide your actions; and that this sword will be the means of clearing the difficulties that lie in the way of your recovering your paternal estate." Donald heard with surprise the story of his birth and

early misfortune, and vowed never to put the sword into a scabbard until he had swept the murderers of his parents from the earth. His mother's father, who still lived in Moirdart, upon being satisfied that Donald was his grandson, and seeing his determination of recovering his father's property, gave him a few men, with whom he proceeded to Appin.

Upon arriving at Island Stalker, Donald declared himself the son of the late Invernahyle, and sent Green Colin a challenge to fight him singly; but instead of complying with the challenge, Colin gathered all his retainers, and advanced with them in the order of battle; but Donald and his men commenced the attack, and after a desperate engagement, succeeded in killing not only Green Colin, but nearly the whole of his men, by which Invernahyle became the victor's property, without any further trouble.

Young Stewart's history being now made public, he had the appellation given him of Donald the Hammerer, by which he was ever after known. Resolving to revenge the wrongs his father had suffered from the family of Dunstaffnage, Donald mustered all his fighting men, and attacked the Campbells wherever he could find any of that name. Argyle came at last to be interested in the distress that Donald was bringing on his clan, and employed several parties to cut him off, but in vain. Donald, seeing Argyle's intention, instead of being intimidated, penetrated, with his trusty band, into the heart of Argyle's country, spoiled his tenants, and carried away a considerable booty from the side of Lochow, which at that time gave a title to the chief of the clan.

Argyle, much enraged at this transaction, began to think seriously of revenge, by raising his whole clan, and following to destroy him; but wisely seeing that this could not be done without much noise in the country, and aware that Donald might be supported by the Campbells, and other powerful clans with whom the Campbells were at feud, Argyle began a negotiation through the laird of Appin, to try and get Donald to make restitution, and to be peaceful. The result was, that Appin and his other friends insisted with Donald, that unless he came to terms with Argyle, they would leave him to his own fate. Unwilling to split with his friends, and thinking that he had just done enough to revenge the death of his parents, he actually went to Inverary, with a single attendant, to hold a conference with Argyle at his own place. Argyle had too much honour to take advantage of this bold step of Donald, but conceived, from his rusticity, that he might soon get him into a scrape that might prove fatal to him. Upon arriving at Inverary, Donald met Argyle in the fields, and after mutual compliments were paid, which were sincere on neither side, the two chiefs proceeded to talk of business. The terms upon which Argyle offered peace were, that Donald should raise a *herdship* (plundering) in Moirdart, and another in Athole, thinking probably that Donald would be cut off in some of these attempts, or, if successful against such powerful people, his own disgrace would be less in what was done to his own lands. Donald readily agreed to the terms, and set out instantly for Moirdart to inform his uncle of the engagement he had come under, and ask his advice. His uncle told him, the people of certain farms had offended him much; and if Donald would attack them, he, to save the appearance of being in the plot, would assist them in striving to recover the spoil, but would not be in such haste that Donald would run any risk of being overtaken. Our hero soon gathered his men, and set fire to nearly all the farm-houses in Moirdart, and got clear off with the spoil. This affair made great noise in the country. He went next to Athole, and carried desolation through that country with equal success; which intimidated Argyle so much, that he was fain to make peace with him on any terms.

Not content with plundering the Highlands from one end to the other, Donald often descended into the low country. One time, returning from Stirlingshire, and passing through Montcith, his party called at a house where a wedding dinner was preparing for a party, at which the Earl of Montcith was to be present; but, not caring for this, they stepped in and ate up the whole that was intended for the wedding party. Upon the earl's arriving with the marriage people, he was so enraged at the affront put upon his clan, that he instantly pursued Donald, and soon came up with him. A bloody engagement then ensued, in which the earl and nearly the whole of his followers were killed, and the Hammerer escaped with only a single attendant, through the coming on of the darkness of night.

Donald, having married after he came into possession of his property, had a family of several sons and a daughter; all of whom, less or more, partook of his spirit, except his second son Duncan, who, from the death of his elder brother, was the heir apparent to his estates. The character of Duncan was very different from that of the Highlanders of the period. He was peaceful in his habits, and desirous only of acquiring the love of his fellow-creatures. This was conceived by his father to be a serious error. Nevertheless, it might have been productive of no evil result, had not Duncan chosen to commit the unpardonable offence of marrying the lady Helena, a daughter of Dunstaffnage, the former enemy of his house. To avoid the fury which was ready to be poured upon his head, the humble-minded Duncan, destitute alike of friends or the means of support, went with his young wife to reside with the smith's wife of Moirdart, who had nursed his father, upon the farm of Inverfalla, which her deceased husband had received from the Hammerer as a grateful recompense for his former kindness.

Being more inclined to live by cultivating the arts of peace than by plundering his neighbours, Duncan spent much of his time in improving the farm of Inverfalla, which his father, considering as far below the dignity of a Highland gentleman, could not brook to witness. This haughty spirit, as is general in such cases, at length led to a most disastrous result. As Donald was one day passing within a short distance of his son's farm, he beheld him engaged in the occupation of digging, and instructing some of his labourers of the field. This was too much for the proud and vengeful feeling of the savage chieftain. Drawing his claymore, he hastily ran to put his son to

death. As he approached, Duncan, being struck with the fury of his countenance, fled from the impending storm into the house; but the old man followed him with the naked sword in his hand. Upon entering a room that was somewhat dark, Donald, thinking his degenerate son had concealed himself under the bed-clothes, made a deadly stab at his supposed son; but, instead of killing him, the sword went through the heart of his old nurse, who was then near eighty years of age.

It is said that a proud spirit surely cometh before destruction, and it was so in the present unhappy instance. Struck with remorse for the horrid crime which he had committed, and deeply regretting his unnatural behaviour to his son, Donald the Hammerer forthwith abandoned himself to the influences of religious observance, and shortly after died amidst the society of the monks of Iona.

FOURTH VOLUME OF MR LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT.

IN the present volume, which, it appears, is not to be followed by the fifth till October next, the most prosperous, but not the most eventful part of the life of the great novelist (1816-20), is presented to notice. Scott has now surmounted the difficulties consequent upon his alliance with John Ballantyne, and entered upon a career of novel-writing, which yields him £10,000 a-year. The *Antiquary*, *Rob Roy*, the three series of *Tales of my Landlord*, and *Ivanhoe*, are the productions of this era; and the author is further represented as engaged in the business of amassing an estate, and increasing his lodge of Abbotsford to the dimensions of a baronial mansion. The entrance of Mr Lockhart himself upon the scene, as son-in-law of Scott, the setting forth of young Walter Scott as a cornet of dragoons, and the attainment by the senior of a baronetcy as a reward of his literary toils, are the only other matters of note in the volume, unless we are also to include a transient revival of the old volunteering spirit of the minstrel, on the occasion of the popular disturbances of 1819 and 1820.

If the earlier volumes betrayed in Scott a greater solicitude for gain and income, than one likes to associate with the idea of a great poet, the present volume, more strikingly than any other, proves the co-existence in his character of an unusual degree of liberality and benevolence. After all the losses he had endured through John Ballantyne, he is found, in the bargain for Rob Roy, allowing that individual to carve out for himself a clear and certain profit of £1200, without incurring the least risk—a sum which apparently ought to have been his own, as Mr Constable, the actual publisher, was satisfied to be without it. We also find him, in a spirit of unequalled kindness and delicacy, extending a friendly hand towards the excellent William Laidlaw, and exerting himself to provide for the eldest son of his brother Thomas. In truth, his hand was "open as day to melting charity." One can scarcely read without a tear the following passing allusion to the labouring population on his estate, which occurs in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, written on New Year's Day, 1819.

"The Duke [of Buccleuch] is one of those retired and high-spirited men who will never be known until the world asks what became of the huge oak that grew on the brow of the hill, and sheltered such an extent of ground. During the late distress, though his own immense rents remained in arrears, and though I know he was pinched for money, as all men were, but more especially the possessors of entailed estates, he absented himself from London in order to pay with ease to himself the labourers employed on his various estates. These amounted (for I have often seen the roll and helped to check it) to nine hundred and fifty men, working at day wages, each of whom on a moderate average might maintain three persons, since the single men have mothers, sisters, and aged or very young relations to protect and assist. Indeed it is wonderful how much even a small sum, comparatively, will do in supporting the Scottish labourer, who is in his natural state perhaps one of the best, most intelligent, and kind-hearted of human beings; and in truth I have limited my other habits of expense very much since I fell into the habit of employing mine honest people. I wish you could have seen about a hundred children, being almost entirely supported by their fathers' or brothers' labour, come down yesterday to dance to the pipes, and get a piece of cake and bannock, and pence a-piece (no very deadly largess), in honour of *hogmanay*. I declare to you, my dear friend, that when I thought the poor fellows who kept these children so neat, and well taught, and well behaved, were slaving the whole day for eighteen-pence, or twenty-pence at the most, I was ashamed of their gratitude, and of their backs and bows. But, after all, one does what one can, and it is better twenty families should be comfortable according to their wishes and habits, than half that number should be raised above their situation. Besides, like Fortunio in the fairy tale, I have my gifted men—the best wrestler and cudgel-player—the best runner and leaper—the best shot in the little district; and as I am partial to all manly and athletic exercises, these are great favourites, being otherwise decent persons, and bearing their faculties meekly. All this smells of sad egotism, but what can I write to you about save what is uppermost in my own thoughts; and here am I, thinning old plantations and planting new ones; now undoing what has been done, and now doing what I suppose no one would do but myself, and accomplishing all my magical transformations by the arms and

* We quote this traditional Highland story, in a somewhat altered form, from a work entitled "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland," fifth edition, 2 volumes, edited by the late R. Jamieson, 1822.

legs of the aforesaid genii, conjured up to my aid at eighteen-pence a-day."

There were, however, inconsistencies in his benevolence too. At least it seems difficult to reconcile the almost fierce spirit in which he speaks of the poor famine-compelled radicals of the west of Scotland with such tokens of kindness towards his own dependents as the above, or with such traits as occur in the following description of a walk on a February Sunday over his estate, in company with Mr Lockhart, Mr Constable, and the sheriff's serving-man, Tom Purdie:—

"We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe his forehead, and remarked that 'it was not every author who should lead him such a dance.' But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the heavy bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though perhaps for the tenth time, 'This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!' 'You may say that, sheriff,' quoth Tom, and then lingering a moment for Constable, 'My certy,' he added, scratching his head, 'and I think it will be a grand season for our buiks too.' But indeed Tom always talked of our buiks as if they had been as regular products of the soil as our ails and our birks."

As we walked homeward, Scott, being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his 'Sunday pony,' as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party, and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment that the sheriff got his collar in his gripe.

There arose a little dispute between them about what tree or trees ought to be cut down in a hedgerow that we passed, and Scott seemed somewhat ruffled with finding that some previous hints of his on that head had not been attended to by Tom. When we got into motion again, his hand was on Constable's shoulder, and Tom dropped a pace or two to the rear, until we approached a gate, when he jumped forward and opened it. 'Give us a pinch of your snuff, Tom,' quoth the sheriff. Tom's mull was produced, and the hand resumed its position. I was much diverted with Tom's behaviour when we at length reached Abbotsford. There were some garden chairs on the green in front of the cottage porch. Scott sat down on one of them to enjoy the view of his new tower as it gleamed in the sunset, and Constable and I did the like. Mr Purdie remained lounging near us for a few minutes, and then asked the sheriff 'to speak a word.' They withdrew together into the garden, and Scott presently rejoined us with a particularly comical expression of face. As soon as Tom was out of sight, he said, 'Will ye guess what he has been saying, now? Well, this is a great satisfaction! Tom assures me that he has thought the matter over, and will take my advice about the thinning of that clump behind Captain Ferguson's.'"

I must not forget that, whoever might be at Abbotsford, Tom always appeared at his master's elbow on Sunday, when dinner was over, and drank long life to the laird and the lady and all the good company, in a quail of whisky, or a tumbler of wine, according to his fancy. I believe Scott has somewhere expressed in print his satisfaction that, among all the changes of our manners, the ancient freedom of personal intercourse may still be indulged between a master and an out-of-doors servant; but in truth he kept by the old fashion even with domestic servants, to an extent which I have hardly seen practised by any other gentleman. He conversed with his coachman if he sat by him, as he often did, on the box; with his footman, if he happened to be in the rumble; and when there was any very young lad in the household, he held it a point of duty to see that his employments were so arranged as to leave time for advancing his education, made him bring his copy-book once a-week to the library, and examined him as to all that he was doing. Indeed he did not confine this humanity to his own people. Any steady servant of a friend of his was soon considered as a sort of friend too, and was sure to have a kind little colloquy to himself at coming and going. With all this, Scott was a very rigid enforcer of discipline—contrived to make it thoroughly understood by all about him, that they must do their part by him as he did his by them; and the result was happy. I never knew any man so well served as he was—so carefully, so respectfully, and so silently; and I cannot help doubting if, in any department of human operations, real kindness ever compromised real dignity."

Kindness of this sort was conspicuous in Scott, and to the same spirit we are to trace such of his fictitious characters as Jeanie Deans, the smith Harry Wynd, and Evan Dhu Maccombich. But it is to be observed, such kindness is much like that which one extends to a favourite animal; it is not a kindness which acknowledges a genuine human equality. We are, therefore, of opinion, that while Sir Walter Scott possessed much real benevolence, no little of what the common world set down as such in his conduct, was in close union with one of the less pleasing features of his character, an obsolete spirit of feudalism, that kind of spirit which at once leads to an unnecessary and ungraceful bending

before the great, and an equal tendency to lord it over the humble. In his case, neither peculiarity was prominently shown; but the spirit was there, and in the appropriate circumstances, it would have come out more boldly. While we are in the way of finding fault—if our speculations deserve so strong an appellation—it may be well to mention, once for all, that there is also conspicuous in these volumes a grasping at state patronage for self and friends, which appears, to say the least of it, unscrupulous: much of this was fashion, yet we wish it were otherwise.

Some of the sheriff's habits about the year 1818, when Mr Lockhart first attained the honour of his acquaintance, are delightfully sketched, while those of Mr Constable and the Messrs Ballantyne are given with greater breadth. In this, as in the preceding volumes, Mr Lockhart speaks without sparing of John Ballantyne, and probably he does him no injustice. We cannot so fully approve of the manner in which he has throughout represented James Ballantyne. The manners of this gentleman were peculiar, but by no means to so great a degree as to merit the ridicule with which he is here treated. Neither was he liable, on more important points of conduct, to the depreciation in which Mr Lockhart uniformly holds him. His merits as the founder of a more elegant style of typography in Scotland, and also as a man of business, have always been acknowledged in Edinburgh; while his skill and taste in the conduct of his newspaper—and, more than that, a certain manly candour rarely found in partisans—were held in honour. He was by far the most respectable person connected essentially with the fate of Scott, and lost more, we are persuaded, than he gained, by that connection. Scott's mode of life in 1818 is thus described:—

"He at this time occupied as his *den* a square small room, behind the dining parlour in Castle Street. It had but a single Venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was on the whole sombrous. The walls were entirely clothed with books; most of them folios and quartos, and all in that complete state of repair which at a glance reveals a tinge of bibliomania. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small moveable frame—something like a dumb-waiter. All the rest were in their proper niches; and wherever a volume had been lent, its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the loan, tacked on its front. The old bindings had obviously been retouched and regilt in the most approved manner; the new, when the books were of any mark, were rich but never gaudy, a large proportion of blue morocco, all stamped with his *device* of the portcullis, and its motto *clausus tulus ero*, being an anagram of his name in Latin. Every case and shelf was accurately lettered, and the works arranged systematically; history and biography on one side, poetry and the drama on another, law books and dictionaries behind his own chair. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby; with a desk and all its appurtenances on each side, that an amanuensis might work opposite to him when he chose; and with small tiers of drawers, reaching all round to the floor. The top displayed a goodly array of session papers, and on the desk below were, besides the MS. at which he was working, sundry parcels of letters, proof-sheets, and so forth, all neatly done up with red tape. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink-bottles, taper-stand, &c. in silver, the whole in such order that it might have come from the silversmith's window half an hour before. Besides his own huge elbow chair, there were but two others in the room, and one of these seemed, from its position, to be reserved exclusively for the amanuensis. I observed, during the first evening I spent with him in this *sanctum*, that while he talked, his hands were hardly ever idle. Sometimes he folded letter-covers, sometimes he twisted paper into matches, performing both tasks with great mechanical expertness and nicety; and when there was no loose paper fit to be so dealt with, he snapped his fingers, and the noble Maida aroused himself from his lair on the hearth-rug, and laid his head across his master's knees, to be caressed and fondled. The room had no space for pictures except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on each side, and broadswords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion round them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep title-deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window; and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room except a sort of ladder, low, broad, well carpeted, and strongly guarded with oaken rails, by which he helped himself to books from his higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hines of Hinfeldt!—(so called from one of the German *Kinder-märchen*)—a venerable tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer very locomotive, usually watched the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity; but when Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by thumping the door with his huge paw, as violently as ever a fashionable footman handled a

knocker in Grosvenor Square; the sheriff rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity, and then Hines came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent upon furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. He said they understood every thing he said to them, and I believe they did understand a great deal of it. But at all events, dogs and cats, like children, have some inflexible tact for discovering at once who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation."

LONDON MARKETS.

COVENT GARDEN—SMITHFIELD.

THE food consumed in London and its environs, may be readily supposed, is immense in quantity, and is chiefly, in the first instance, exposed for public sale in a few great leading markets. Covent Garden market is the prime emporium for all kinds of green vegetable produce; that of Smithfield is celebrated for its cattle, sheep, and other live quadrupeds. Leadenhall market is appropriated to the sale of the feathered and furred tribes of animals; Mark Lane is the seat of the trade in corn; and all the world has heard that Billingsgate is the grand depot for the sale of fish. There are other markets of less importance scattered throughout the metropolis, as, for instance, Whitechapel, Newgate, Farringdon, and Hungerford markets, which are secondary depôts, principally designed for the retailing of articles to the inhabitants of particular districts, although the amount of business respectively done in them exceeds by a great deal that of the chief markets in any of the provincial towns.

Covent Garden market, which we have always viewed as the most interesting of these places of resort, is situated in the very centre of the metropolis, near the north side of the Strand, and within the district locally termed Westminster. It derives its name from the circumstance of there having once been a convent with its garden on the spot which it now occupies. The site of the market, which is spread over two acres of ground, as well as the ground in its neighbourhood, are the property of the Russell or Bedford family, as is indicated by the number of streets, hotels, &c. which are called from these and kindred names. Previously to 1830, the booths or stands in the market consisted of rough-looking slightly-built sheds; but, in 1828, the legislature took the matter up, and seeing the great public advantage, as well as ornament to the part of London in which the market is situated, which would result from a suitable stone erection, an act of parliament was passed on the subject, which rendered it necessary that the Duke of Bedford should construct the present building, authorising, at the same time, the collection of such tolls on the goods sent thither for sale, as should, in conjunction with the rents which would be derived from the different shops and stands or stalls, insure the noble proprietor a sufficient return for the money expended in the erection. The place was built at an expense of about £50,000, and most ample has been the return received by the duke for his money. It is understood, that, reckoning rents, and tolls on articles sent to the market, his yearly revenue from Covent Garden market is from £12,000 to £15,000. The rents vary according to the situation of the different shops and stands. Shops in the middle or best part of the market, possessing a little accommodation in the story above, individually bring rents of from £80 to £110 a-year. And yet, such shops are but small; they do not, judging from a glance of the eye, measure more than fourteen or fifteen feet by about twelve feet. On all waggons, carts, and other vehicles bringing goods to the market, there is a toll, varying, according to the nature of the articles brought, from eighteen-pence to sixpence. The only instance in which this exaction is departed from, is where the vegetables, or other articles brought, are raised by some proprietor of a shop or stall.

The buildings are handsome, and at the east and west ends, and in several parts of the interior, are supported by massy pillars of granite. There are three ranges of shops; the middle, or most handsome range, being double. Between the first and second, and second and third range, there is a large open space, which is occupied by various persons, and with various sorts of vegetables, the parties paying a certain rental per day. This rental varies, according to circumstances and according to situation, from one shilling to fourpence per square foot. The most southern range of shops is exclusively appropriated for the sale of potatoes. In the wide space between this range and the middle range of shops, you see hundreds of persons offering every variety of vegetables used in London for sale. The middle range of shops, which, as already stated, is double—that is to say, there are shops on each side of the thoroughfare—are chiefly used for the sale of all the finer varieties of fruits and vegetables. The remaining, or northern range of shops, is appropriated for the sale

oranges, apples, nuts, and for the sale of gooseberries, cherries, peas, &c., in their seasons.

It would be difficult to enumerate the various articles which are sold in Covent Garden market. We cannot give a better idea of their variety than to say, that they include every thing in the shape of green fruit which is grown in foreign countries and imported into Great Britain, and all the varieties of fruits and flowers and vegetables which are the produce of our own land.

In the shops in the middle range you are struck with amazement at the variety and rich appearance of the finer class of fruits with which they are chiefly filled, and which can only be purchased by the opulent classes of society; their prices put them beyond the reach of persons of limited means. These prices are always high: of course, however, they vary according to circumstances. At certain seasons of the year, particular articles are much dearer than at others. Strawberries, for example, bring a hundred times the price at one time which they do at another. Very early in the season, when small quantities which have been produced in hot-houses are exhibited for sale, the prices they bring are sometimes incredibly high. A guinea an ounce has been known to be given; half a guinea is common in the early part of the season. We need hardly say that such prices are only given by aristocratic families; and the inducement is, that the parties may get the reputation of having been among the first of the fashionables in the West End to set a dish of strawberries before their friends. Cherries, gooseberries, potatoes, peas, and other articles, also fetch incredibly high prices on their first introduction to the market.

It is curious to observe the great and sudden fall which sometimes takes place in the price of fruit, when propitious weather gives it an unexpected general advance towards ripeness. Last year one of the merchants in Covent Garden market bought a quantity of pears, which, having grown in a garden peculiarly favoured as to situation and other circumstances, had ripened earlier than the pears which had grown in other gardens. On the day on which he bought them, he sold them at one guinea per bushel; but the weather for the three following days having been so propitious as generally to ripen pears, he was obliged to sell them on the fourth day at seven shillings per bushel, or one-third of the price which they brought four days previously.

Of the quantity of fruit and vegetables sold in the course of a day in Covent Garden market, it is impossible even to form a conjecture. That it must be immensely great, may be inferred from the fact, that this is the chief mart for the whole of the metropolis. To Covent Garden nearly all the fruits and vegetables from the country and the neighbourhood of London are in the first instance brought, and thence they are carried to all parts of the town by a class of persons called green-grocers, who, in small shops kept for the purpose, vend any quantity, small or great, to families in the neighbourhood. Some of the fruit merchants of London have most extensive businesses, which are carried on both at Covent Garden market and other parts of the metropolis. A few take the lead as importers of fruit, which they bring to England in their own vessels, from France, Turkey, Lisbon, Madeira, and other distant places. While lately visiting the London Docks, we saw a beautiful little sloop entering the port, freighted with the richest fruits of Portugal, and belonging to one of the eminent fruit merchants of the city. The profession of the fruit-dealer is, however, exceedingly precarious, owing to the perishable nature of his wares. By a series of lucky speculations, large fortunes are occasionally realised, while by one or more unfortunate adventures or purchases, exceedingly large sums are often lost. We have been informed that an individual lately lost £100,000, or rather sunk that sum, in his efforts to establish a large business in Covent Garden market.

To form a proper notion of the immense quantity of articles sold in Covent Garden market, it will be necessary to visit it in the morning about five or six o'clock. At that time all the open spaces around, and the various streets which converge towards the market, are densely crowded with waggons, carts, trucks, and other vehicles, laden with vegetables brought from the extensive market gardens in the neighbourhood of London, and from distances of even twenty and thirty miles. Besides the persons who bring vegetables for sale on this large scale, there is a class of individuals of more humble quality, who resort to the market of a morning: these are poor women, perhaps the wives of postmen, who cultivate small patches of gardens, and endeavour to earn an honest penny by carrying the produce—consisting possibly of a few bunches of flowers, or a small quantity of apples or plums—to market in wicker baskets. There is thus an extraordinary variety of vegetable merchandising at Covent Garden market, during the fine summer months, in the earlier part of the morning; and the scene of bustle which is presented, is one of the most remarkable sights in the metropolis.

Smithfield market, as we have said, is the great metropolitan mart for the sale of cattle, sheep, and other live quadrupeds. This market is situated within the district called the city, in an open space a short way north-east from Newgate, and where it has long enjoyed an exceedingly disagreeable and inconvenient position. Lately, great exertions have been made to remove the trade to a more commodious spot at Islington, in the northern environs, but all attempts of this nature have signally failed, and Smithfield market

still flourishes with all its inconveniences, and in all its wonted offensiveness. It is at all times difficult to change the site of a market, however bad it may be; but in the case of Smithfield, it might have been supposed to be next to an impossibility. The place has been resorted to for the selling and buying of cattle for a period of four or five hundred years. It was the chief market in the country, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at that time occupying forty acres of ground. In the present day, it is much diminished in extent, a large part of its ancient area having been built upon, but it still covers a quadrangular space of, we believe, some five or six acres in size.

The greater part of the ground is set apart for the sale of cattle; the remainder being used for the sale of sheep. The sheep part of the market is towards the north-west. A little off the market, in an eastern direction, is an open space of some extent for the sale of pigs. The greater part of the market is laid off in separate stands or pens. These vary in size, so as to contain any number of cattle, from half a dozen to a score. The graziers are thus enabled to classify their cattle, and keep them detached from those of others, without any trouble or difficulty. Along all the outside of the cattle part of the market, is a strong wooden erection, about three feet in height, to which the cattle which have not been pent up in the stands or pens are fastened. There are also a sufficient number of pens for the sheep, and also for pigs. Without these pens it would be impossible for the various proprietors of cattle, sheep, and pigs, to keep their respective quadrupeds separate from others.

Smithfield cattle market is held twice a week—the days are Monday and Friday. The time for commencing business is about four o'clock in the morning, and from that hour till eight, the sales are continued with amazing briskness. The dispatch with which London men of business generally get through their various transactions, is the surprise of every one who has had an opportunity of observing it. In no case is this dispatch more remarkable than in the bargains which take place between the London butchers and the graziers from the country. A price is put upon the various lots of cattle, sheep, &c.; they are taken at once, in most cases, at that price, or declined by the party wishing to purchase. If he think the price too high, he either proceeds to examine another lot without saying a word, or he makes an offer of what he would be willing to give. If the offer be deemed worthy of acceptance, it is accepted; if not, there is an end of the matter. Both buyers and sellers are wonderfully economical of their words. There is nothing deserving the name of huxtering; a few words between buyer and seller are decisive of the transaction either way. By eight o'clock you see a striking difference in the aspect of the place. It is thinned to a very great extent, both of cattle and human beings; and by ten o'clock, the market may be said to be over.

The cattle with which Smithfield market is supplied are brought to it from all parts of the country. They are to be seen driving up to it early on the morning of each market day, on all the great roads leading to London. Some of them—those, of course, which belong to farmers or cattle-dealers in the inland parts of England—are forced to walk two or three hundred miles. The stages, however, are short; otherwise the cattle would suffer so much in appearance that they would only fetch an inferior price. The late extensive use of steam communication with the eastern coast of the country has opened up new facilities for supplying the London market with cattle. Within the last two years, immense numbers are weekly brought up, in the summer season, in steam-vessels, from Aberdeen, Banff, Morayshire, and indeed from all the northern and eastern counties of Scotland, being a distance varying from 550 to 600 miles.

Smithfield market at early morn, when business is at the briskest, presents a curious, though not a very pleasing spectacle. In addition to the thousands of quadrupeds which appear before you, you see thousands of graziers, butchers, and drivers of cattle, besides vast multitudes of persons who are drawn to the spot through accidental circumstances. All is bustle and business. Drove of cattle, sheep, and pigs, are every moment passing out of the market, under the guidance of the butchers who have bought them, and the more room that is thus made in the market, the more quick are the movements of buyers, sellers, and those who have no special business to do, in going from place to place. But perhaps the liveliest scenes which are to be seen on a Monday or Friday morning, are those which are occasioned when a few "raised" oxen have taken it into their heads to fly off at a tangent from the drovers. They soon make a clear path for themselves. Parts of the market, or the openings of streets leading to it, which, but a few moments before, were crammed with human beings, are now pretty nearly deserted, the crowd having fled in all directions before the enraged animals. Such scenes are far from being uncommon, for the poor beasts are in general goaded on their way with heartless cruelty. Beaten with sticks, worried with a crew of vociferous dogs, and not suffered a moment to rest, or given a drop of water to moisten their parched mouths, it is not wonderful that they at length turn upon their inhuman drivers, or run in a state of blinded fury against all who come in their way.

As Smithfield market belongs to the Corporation of

the city of London, who exact a small toll * on the various animals brought to the market, the average number is pretty well known. We have seen it stated that there are here sold annually 156,000 bullocks or other cattle, 21,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 29,000 pigs—the value of the whole being calculated at £8,250,000. Including the butcher-meat, both fresh and salted, otherwise introduced into the metropolis, the total value yearly is presumed to be from ten to twelve millions of pounds sterling.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER OF MALINES, A STORY.

THE vicissitudes of war are so various, that they frequently lead to different and equally unexpected results. The casualties belonging to it may consign a man to the earth, or raise his fortune upon it.

Hall, a private dragoon, when placed with his back against a wall in a street of Brussels, the day after the affair of Waterloo, thought that *this* world was little to him—that his pass was already signed and sealed with a bloody wound, to send him to the next.

After the battle of Waterloo, every hospital in Brussels was quickly filled, and many of the private houses also. Those of the wounded that could not be taken into the hospitals, were left on the litters that bore them, until room could be made for them. The kind inhabitants of Brussels were not slow to open their doors to receive the wounded of the British army; of that number, Hall was one.

Albert Van Hosche had nearly reached the head of the street leading to the park, when a group of disabled soldiers, just unloaded from a waggon, attracted his notice. The sunken eye of a wounded dragoon, and his blood-stained jacket, seemed strongly to indicate that he was fast approaching the last stage of his journey through life's weary way. He was seated on the ground, and his last earthly look apparently directed towards an officer (with his arm in a sling) who stood over him. A sergeant was taking in pencil, upon a scroll of paper, some request of the wounded dragoon.

The escort that accompanied the wounded, was dismounted: the men composing it held their horses by one hand, whilst the other rested upon an unsheathed sword; but their attention seemed intensely fixed on those comrades whom they were then looking at—perhaps for the last time.

The patience of Albert Van Hosche was not to be wearied, until he had endeavoured to gratify his curiosity by speaking to the officer in command of the escort. Of him he learned that the request of Hall was, that his watch and a prayer-book of the church of England might be sent to his father. Hall at this moment lay down, as if in the last struggle between life and death, from loss of blood occasioned by the jolting of the waggon as it passed through the forest. An assistant sergeant shortly came to take charge of the wounded; and, as the decaying strength of Hall seemed to revive by the blood being stopped, his first thought reverted to his father. "But my book," said he, "is lost!—lost for ever! It was in my kit, and my horse was killed when I was wounded."

The officer repeated this to Albert Van Hosche, who did not understand much English, and could speak none. The old man feelingly said, he once had a son who fell—an only son, the comfort of his home, and the hope of his happiness in after years: but he fell not in defence of his own country. He was taken as a conscript in the year 1811, and fell in the French lines at Salamanca; "and," added Van Hosche, "this soldier shall not die on the street. I have a small house, to which I came when I lost my boy; it is not far off, and at Malines I have that which keeps it—a mill." It need hardly be stated that the officer was gratified by this instance of generosity, and immediately abandoned the poor wounded soldier to the care of the good-hearted miller.

We pass at once to the peaceful abode of the miller at Malines, where the excellent daughter of its possessor, Victoire Van Hosche, paid the utmost attention that delicacy of feeling could suggest to the enfeebled soldier. Her nursing care was eminently successful, and the dragoon was in a few months enabled to rejoin his regiment, which he, however, did not do without expressing in heartfelt sincerity his grateful thanks for the kindness and hospitality shown to him, and by which his life had been preserved.

Behold, then, the departure of the revived invalid soldier, and the quietness which succeeded in the dwelling of the miller. At the door of the cottage we find the fair Victoire resuming her wonted seat, with her cushion and bobbin, making lace, upon her knee. Her mind was still occupied by the recollection of what she had seen at Brussels, as well as of the late inmate of her father's house, and the thoughts pressed strongly upon her, in proportion as the bobbin flew quickly through her fingers—

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
But when stern fortune hits the brow,
A ministering angel thou."

And such had been Victoire Van Hosche to her wounded dragoon.

The pale lily seemed to have supplanted the rose upon her cheek, and the stem from which she sprang

* The yearly revenue which the Corporation are understood to derive from this source is nearly £4,000. The Common Council, a few months since, voted the sum of £20,000 to be expended in enlarging the market.

was bending towards its native earth. She might ere long be without a father; and a brother she had none—he had fallen a victim in a foreign land.

Time rolled on in the routine service of an army of occupation, until the regiment to which Hall belonged was ordered home to recruit its shattered ranks. In some short time after, it returned to England. Hall applied for his discharge; and the adjutant represented to his commanding officer, that it was in consequence of a letter which Hall had received, enabling him to purchase it. The colonel replied, that they came home to recruit, not to discharge men; "but," added he, "let me see the fellow and his letter."

The letter was from the miller of Malines, with an order for £40 to purchase his discharge, as well as to give something to his father, and afterwards pay his expenses to Belgium; and the letter stated in conclusion, that, as the writer of it was fast sinking in years, and could not make him his son, he felt anxious to make him at least his son-in-law—the partner of his dearest treasure.

Luckily for Hall, the hardy feelings of a soldier had not supplanted, in the heart of his colonel, the warmth of an affectionate husband and a kind parent. These pleaded in behalf of the wounded dragoon: the discharge was granted; and thus did Hall become the husband of the Miller's Daughter of Malines.*

RAINING AND WATER PLANTS.

[We quote the following account of an exceedingly interesting class of plants from an elegant little work, called "The Progress of Creation," by Mary Roberts, just published by Smith, Elder, and Company, London.]

Let him who is disposed to observe the works of nature with reference to their utility, examine the Canadian Birch-wort, which carries at its base two concave leaves; or let him hear that each leaf of the Tilandria, or Wild-Pine of the West Indies, is furnished near the stalk with a hollow bucket, containing from half a pint to a quart of water, and he will say, "Surely these plants grow in a land where water is scarce, the thirsty traveller derives refreshment from them; birds also, and some animals, have no other supply." The air, too, he would conjecture to be sultry, the country a parched one, and his conjectures would be right. Birch-worts grow in those trembling and frothy-looking Canadian marshes, which dry up during the hot months: their concave leaves receive and retain, for a long time, the showers that fall occasionally, and also the heavy night dews: they are consequently very important to birds, small quadrupeds, and insects, which are thus provided with plentiful supplies of pure and wholesome water, in situations where it can rarely be obtained. The habitat of the Wild Pine is similarly parched, for it abounds in the most sultry parts of the West Indies. Some kinds of Aloes, too, common to parched regions, secrete such a quantity of water in their cup-shaped leaves, as to afford a grateful refreshment for thirsty travellers.

The Nepenthes Distillatoria, or Pitcher plant, abounds in those stony and arid parts of Java, from which small birds and quadrupeds must migrate in search of water, were it not for this vegetable production. The traveller who passes through those sultry regions, is frequently attracted by its singular appearance, and by the number of birds that fly in and out among the branches. On drawing near, he observes a small bag, shaped like a pitcher at the foot stalk of each leaf, furnished with a neatly fitted lid, and having a kind of hinge that passes over the handle of the pitcher, and connects it with the leaf. This hinge is a strong fibre, which contracts in showery weather, and when the dew falls. Numerous little goblets, filled with sweet fresh water, are thus held forth, and afford a delightful draught to such small animals as climb the branches, and to a variety of winged creatures. They hear the pattering of the heavy rain-drops on the dry leaves, while sheltered in their hiding-places; and when the rain is sufficiently abated, forth they come, and refresh themselves at every open cup. It is delightful to see them thus employed, and the pitcher plant is sometimes almost covered with these thirsty creatures: some drinking eagerly, others lifting up their little bills between each sip, as if grateful for the refreshing draught. But no sooner has the cloud passed by, and the warm sun shone forth, than the heated fibre begins to expand, and closes the goblet so firmly, as even to prevent evaporation. This is a beautiful, and prospective contrivance. The quadruped, bird, or insect, has had sufficient time to quench its thirst, for the heavens do not immediately become clear; and when the goblet is filled with dew, some time must necessarily elapse before the warmth of the sun is felt. But the plant also requires refreshment; rain-drops soon trickle from the arid place in which it grows, and the nightly dews are insufficient to refresh the sloping side of its assigned locality. The pitchers, therefore, are essential to its preservation, and a sufficient quantity of fluid is preserved by the gradual contraction of the lid. As long, too, as the lid stands open, the slender bill, the proboscis, or the tongue, can be readily thrust in, but as it gradually contracts, this is of course precluded; but, then, lest any poor thirsty creature should arrive late, or remain unsatisfied in the crowd, such pitchers as are covered with leaves remain much longer open, and it is prob-

able that some never close at all. We may also remark, that neither one, nor two, nor even ten large pitchers, are assigned to each plant, but that every leaf-stalk has its own. Hence every leaf receives a necessary supply of moisture through tubes that communicate, like syphons, with its absorbing vessels. I scarcely know a single instance in which a wonderful adaptation of one part to another, of one vegetable to the animals that surround it, is more clearly evinced than in this unassuming plant.

Now, if the leaves were broad like those of the common chestnut, or the coltsfoot, neither rain nor dew could reach the pitchers: but instead of this, they slope upwards: therefore, when the lid is open, the pitcher soon fills, and to its brimming goblet innumerable winged creatures eagerly resort. The insect has a long proboscis, with which to sip up the moisture; the bird introduces its narrow bill; but if the insect or bird had instead of these, mouths constructed like a fish, and those peculiar tongues which distinguish aquatic natures, considerable difficulty would arise, and the pitcher be often broken in the endeavour to procure a sip. We may also fairly assume that the little quadrupeds which resort thither are furnished with a long and slender member, which permits them to lap the water, through comparatively a narrow aperture. And as the claws of birds enable them to retain a firm hold on branches, when even rudely shaken by the wind, and the feet of insects are so formed as to grasp the smoothest stems, many little animals have likewise feet well adapted for climbing. The field mouse, for instance, which can run up a stack of corn, and all swift moving and defenceless quadrupeds, are thus constructed. The digging foot which is assigned to the mole, or one resembling a horse's hoof, would be useless in ascending slippery places. The pitcher at each leaf-stalk has also a twofold purpose: it refreshes the parent plant, and holds forth an open goblet to many a poor thirsty wayfaring creature. A few would not suffice either to the plant or its visitors, as I before observed, and, therefore, every leaf is similarly provided: nor is it less worthy of remark, that if the fibrous hinge contracted only in heavy rain, such birds, and quadrupeds, and insects, as fly or walk by night, would not be able to quench their thirst; but dew equally affects it; therefore it is for them also that the nightly goblet is thus bountifully replenished. And how multifarious are its uses, whether filled by rain or dew! Without the moisture which it thus retains, the beautiful green colour that adorns the plant would fade; the flower could not open, the seeds could not ripen, such creatures as subsist on the sweet nectarious juices of its open flowers would lose their daily banquet, and numerous small birds and quadrupeds must drag on a miserable existence, if, indeed, they could exist at all.

As the need increases, so do the means to supply that need. The burning sands of Africa exhibit a large tree, called by the negroes Boa. The trunk of this is a natural reservoir for water during the rainy months, and being shaded with thick foliage, continues fresh and cool during the heat of summer. Travellers are often saved, by the knowledge of this extraordinary fact, from perishing with thirst in crossing those sultry deserts, where, during six long months, not a single shower refreshes the parched earth. Vegetable fountains also rise on the arid rocks of the Antilles. They are called Water Lianees, and are so full of sap, that if a single branch is cut, a quantity of pure liquor immediately exudes.

How wonderful is the Raining-tree of the Canaries, which affords a regular supply of water to an island which is destitute of so great a blessing. A mist arises every morning from the sea, which rests on the thick leaves and widely-spreading branches of a kind of laurel, and then distils in drops during the remainder of the day, till it is at length exhausted. The peculiar situation of the tree enables it more readily to attract the mist: for it springs from a rock, at the termination of a long and narrow valley. This interesting tree is an evergreen, of considerable size. The water which distils from it, furnishes every family in its vicinity with what is sufficient for domestic purposes, and persons are appointed by the council to distribute the necessary supplies.

Observe, too, the peculiar character of the swamps that extend along the Bay of Campeachy. The name swamp seems to indicate the presence of water, and this is correct, during the winter months; but when the heat of summer is set in, the swamps dry up, and no running stream is heard throughout the vast extent of their almost interminable forests. Yet these forests must be traversed during the hot months, and those who traverse them often lose their way, and would perish, were they not provided with living fountains in that hot land. A peculiar kind of fungus, called the pine-apple fungus, from its resemblance to that fruit, grows profusely on the trunks and branches of a native fir. These fungi are so full of sap, that, on being cut with a knife, nearly a pint of clear and wholesome juice immediately flows out. We may infer that the animals and birds which frequent these deep forests, are instructed to avail themselves of the valuable supply, for every created thing serves at least a twofold purpose: it ministers either directly or indirectly to the wants of man, and answers many important ends in the great economy of nature.

But it is not for man alone that vegetable fountains rise in arid places. We must again refer to the wonderful provision that is made for the many living

creatures which are called into being, and which are not suffered to perish with thirst in their wilderness abodes. Carry your eye, my reader, towards the sultry deserts of Africa, where no cool breezes refresh the weary traveller, and no sound of running water is heard, where the heavens are unclouded, and the sun blazes with meridian splendour; where it often happens that for six long months, no water-urns of the firmament (as Arabian writers beautifully denominate the passing clouds) moisten the parched earth. It seems impossible that either animal or vegetable life can subsist on such a burning and sandy soil, and yet there is a class of vegetables, and certain small animals that live there, which are admirably adapted to resist the effect of temperature and soil. Campbell mentions that while crossing one of these burning plains, he remarked several creeping plants of luxuriant vegetation. Now, it is well known that the plants of Africa have generally succulent leaves, like those of the succulent and mesembryanthemum, and that the sap-vessels are very large; this may easily be observed by holding the leaf to the light, when they appear like tubes open at each end, and are thus enabled to absorb any atmospheric moisture. Dews fall heavily in those hot countries, and the plant is thus preserved in health and vigour. But the plant does not exist for itself only; the moisture thus secreted is given out for the benefit of others: it is either covered with large juicy berries, or the superabundant moisture distils from the leaves. But the first most generally occurs, and the berries which thus grow upon the stem or leaves, are filled with a clear transparent fluid, as essential to the well-being of the aborigines of those intolerable regions, as the cocoa-nut is to the inhabitants of the torrid zone. A small quadruped, resembling a mouse abounds on the sand-hills, and these creatures were seen busily employed in nibbling off the berries, and carrying them to their holes, as seamen convey casks of water into their ships. Here is a real benefit conferred, and no doubt these little quadrupeds are of use for we may certainly infer that no creature is placed without design in its allotted station. It may also be conjectured, that they are admirably adapted for the kind of life to which Providence assigns them; for we cannot admit, that as these vegetables are furnished with large sap-vessels for absorbing moisture, and with others through which the moisture distils into little berries, and all this expressly for preserving life in those small quadrupeds, that the quadruped itself has no purpose to fulfil. We may also briefly notice, how well the little animal is provided with teeth for nibbling off the berries. If the teeth were flat, or hook-shaped, as frequently occurs, the berries would in vain offer a refreshing draught to the thirsty quadruped; again, the quadruped draws out the superabundant moisture from the sand-plant, which is admirably furnished with large absorbing vessels, for the express purpose of drinking in the dew. Neither the plant nor animal can minister to the dew; and from this we may gain instruction—that gracious Being, whose silent operations are compared to the dew which falls unseen, and yet refreshes the thirsty plant, derives no benefit from the mercy he imparts. He delights to bless his creatures, and, in blessing, to increase their happiness.

Now, if the aloes, of which I have just spoken, grew in England instead of Africa, in a country where rain often falls, and the weather continues cloudy, their thick leaves would be unnecessary, for no animal requires a vegetable fountain in this land of running streams; hence the aloes never grows wild in England, and even the few English vegetables which in any respect resemble it, flourish on rocks and walls, and their juicy tubes secrete a liquid which is invaluable in medicine.

Such are the water plants which supersede the necessity of streams in countries where the existence of such streams is incompatible with the general arrangement.

A VISIT TO ROCKALL.

By Captain Basil Hall—From his Fragments of Voyages and Travels.

It was a fine autumnal morning, just a week after we had sailed from Lough Swilly, to cruise off the north of Ireland, when a sail was reported on the lee-beam. We bore up instantly, but no one could make out what the chase was, nor which way she was standing—at least, no two of the knowing ones could be found to agree upon these matters. These various opinions, however, presently settled into one, or nearly so—for there were still some of the high-spirited who had honestly confessed they were puzzled. The general opinion was, that it must be a brig with very white sails aloft, while those below were quite dark—as if the royals were made of cotton, and the courses of tarpauling—a strange anomaly in seamanship, it is true, but still the best theory we could form to explain appearances. A short time served to dispel these fanciful notions, for we discovered, on running close to our mysterious vessel, that we had been actually chasing a rock—not a ship of oak and iron, but a solid block of granite, growing as it were out of the sea, at a greater distance from the main land than I believe, any other island, or inlet, or rock of the same diminutive size, is to be found in the world. This mere speck on the surface of the water—far it seems to float on the sea—is only seventy feet high, and not more than a hundred yards in circumference. The smallest point of a pencil could scarcely give it a place on any map which should not exaggerate its proportion to the rest of the islands in that stormy ocean. It lies at the distance of no fewer than one hundred and eighty-four miles very nearly due west of St Kilda, the

* From Bennett's Glasgow Magazine, a work published a few years ago.

most part of the Hebrides, two hundred and ninety from the nearest part of the main coast of Scotland, and two hundred and sixty from the north of Ireland. Its name is Rockall, and is well known to those Baltic traders which go north about. The stone of which this curious rock is composed, is a dark-coloured granite, but the top being covered with a coating as white as snow, from having been for ages the resting-place of myriads of sea-fowl, is constantly mistaken for a vessel under all sail. We were deceived by it several times during the same cruise, when after we had been put on our guard, and knew its name well. I remember boarding three vessels in one day, each of which, in reckoning the number of vessels in sight, counted Rockall as one, without detecting their mistake till I pointed their glasses to the spot.

As we had nothing better on our hands, it was resolved to make an exploring expedition to visit this little islet. Two boats were accordingly manned for the purpose; and while the ship stood down to the leeward of it, the artists prepared their sketch-books and the geologists their hammers, for a grand scientific field-day.

When we left the ship, the sea appeared so unusually smooth, that we anticipated no difficulty in landing; but on reaching the spot, we found a swell rising and falling every five feet, which made it exceedingly troublesome to accomplish our purpose. One side of the rock was perpendicular and smooth as a wall. The others, though steep and slippery, were sufficiently varied in their surface to admit of our crawling up when once out of the boat.

But it required no small confidence in our footing, and a dash of that kind of faith which carries a hunter over a five-bar gate, to render the leap at all secure. A false step, or a faltering carriage, after the spring was resolved on, might have sent the explorer to investigate the secrets of the deep, in those fathomless regions where the roots of this mysterious rock connect it with the solid earth. In time, however, we all got up, hammers, sketch-books, and chronometers inclusive.

As it was considered a point of some moment to determine not only the position, but the size of the rock by actual observations made upon it, all hands were set busily at work—some to chip off specimens—others to measure the girth by means of a cord—while one of the boats was sent to take soundings in those directions where the bottom could be reached.

After we had been employed for some time in this manner, we observed a current sweeping past us, at a considerable rate, and rather wondered that the ship, which was fast drifting away from us, did not fill and make a stretch, so as to preserve her distance. But as the day was quite clear, we cared less about this addition to the pull, and went on with our operations. I forget exactly at what hour a slight trace of haze first came across the field of view. This soon thickened into a fog, which felt like a drizzle, and put some awkward apprehensions into our heads. It was immediately decided to get into the boats and return to the Endymion; for, by this time, we had finished all our real work, and were only amusing ourselves by scrambling about the rocks.

The swell had silently increased in the interval to such a height, that the operation of returning to the boats was rendered twice as difficult as that of disembarking; and what was a great deal worse, occupied twice as much time. It required the greater part of half an hour to tumble our whole party back again. This proceeding, difficult at any season, I suppose, was now reduced to a sort of somersault or flying leap; for the adventurer, whose turn it was to spring, had to dash off the rock towards the boat, trusting more to the chance of being caught by his companions, than to any skill of his own. Some of our Dutch-built gentry came floundering amongst the thwarts and oars with such a crash, that we half expected they would make a clear breach through the boat's bottom.

As none of these minor accidents occurred, we pushed off, with our complement entire, towards the ship; but, to our astonishment and dismay, no Endymion could now be seen. Some said "only a minute ago she was there!" others asserted, as positively, that they had seen her in a totally different direction. In short, no two of us agreed as to where the frigate had last been seen, though all, unhappily, were of one mind as to the disagreeable fact of her being now invisible. She had evidently drifted off to a considerable distance; and as the first thickening of the air had destroyed its transparency, we could see nothing in the slightest degree even like what is called the loom of a vessel. The horizon was visible—indistinctly indeed; but it was certainly not the same horizon along which we had seen the ship sailing but half an hour before. The atmosphere had something of that troubled look which is given to a glass of water by dropping a little milk into it. So that, although there was no fog as yet, properly so called, there was quite enough of moisture to serve the unpleasant purpose of hiding the object of our search, and we remained quite at a loss what to do. We moved to some distance from the rock, supposing it possible that some condensation of vapour, incident to the spot, might have cast a veil over our eyes. But nothing was to be seen all round.

It then occurred to some of our philosophers that as dense air, by its very definition (as they gravely put it), is heavier than light air, it might so happen that the humid vapours had settled down upon the surface of the sea, and that, in fact, we were groping about in a shallow stratum of untransparent matter. The top of the rock, which was seventy feet higher, it was thought, might be in the clear region, and the ship's mast heads, if not her hull, be visible from thence. There was a sort of pedantic plausibility about the technology of these young savans, which induced the commanding officer of the party—a dabbler himself in these scientific mysteries—to devote upon trying the experiment. At all events, he thought it might amuse and occupy the party. So one of the men was landed, the most alert of our number, who skipped up the rock like a goat.

All eyes were now turned on our look-out man, who no sooner reached the summit, than he was asked what he

saw, with an impatience that betrayed more anxiety on the part of the officers than they probably wished should be perceived by the boat's crew.

"I can see nothing all round," cried the man, "except something out thereabouts"—pointing with his hand.

"What does it look like?" "I am afraid, sir, it is a fog bank coming down upon us." And so it proved.

The experienced eye of the sailor, who in his youth had been a fisherman on the banks of Newfoundland, detected a strip or extended cloud, hanging along the verge of the horizon, like the first appearance of a low coast. This gradually swept down to leeward, and at length enveloped rock, boats, and all, in a mantle of fog, so dense that we could not see ten yards in any direction.

Although our predicament may now be supposed as hopeless as need be, it was curious to observe the ebbs and flows in human thought as circumstances changed. Half an hour before, we had been provoked at our folly in not having left the rock sooner; but it was now a matter of rejoicing that we possessed such a fixed point to stick by, in place of throwing ourselves adrift altogether. We reckoned with certainty upon the frigate's manning, sooner or later, to regain the rock; and as that was the only mark at which she could aim, it was evidently the best for us to keep near.

We had been cruising for some time off the north of Ireland, during which we observed that these fogs sometimes lasted a couple of days or even longer; and as we had not a drop of water in the boats, nor a morsel of provisions, the most unpleasant forebodings began to beset us. The wind was gradually rising, and the waves, when driven against the rock, were divided into two parts, which, after sweeping round the sides, met again to leeward, near the spot where we lay, and dashed themselves into such a bubble of a sea, that the boats were pitched about like bits of cork in a mill-lead. Their motion was disagreeable enough, but our apprehension was, that we should be dislodged altogether from our place of refuge; while the gulls and sea-mews, as if in contempt of our helpless condition, or offended at our intrusion, wheeled about and screamed close to us, in notes most grating to our ears.

While we were waiting in this state of anxiety in the boats below, our faithful watchman perched on the peak of the rock, suddenly called out, "I see the ship." This announcement was answered by a simultaneous shout from the two boats' crews, which sent the flocks of gannets and sea-mews screaming to the right and left, far into the bosom of the fog.

An opening or lane in the mist had occurred, along which we could now see the frigate, far off, but crowding all sail, and evidently beating to windward. We lost as little time as possible in picking our shivering scout off the rock, an operation which cost nearly a quarter of an hour. This accomplished, away we rowed, at the utmost stretch of our oars, towards the ship.

We had hardly proceeded a quarter of a mile before the fog began to close behind our track, so as to shut out Rockall from our view. This we cared little about, as we not only still saw the ship, but trusted, from her movements, that she likewise saw the boats. Just at the moment, however, she tacked, thereby proving that she had seen neither boats nor rock, but was merely groping about in search of her lost sheep. Had she continued on the course she was steering when we first saw her, she might have picked us up long before the fog came on again; but when she went about, this hope was destroyed. In a few minutes more, we of course lost sight of the frigate in the fog; and there we were, in a pretty mess, with no ship to receive us, and no island to hang on by!

It now became necessary to take an immediate part, and we decided at once to turn back in search of the rock. It was certainly a moment of bitter disappointment when we pulled round; and the interval between doing so and our regaining a resting-place was one of great anxiety. Nevertheless we made a good land-fall, and there was a wonderful degree of happiness attendant even upon this piece of success. Having again got hold of Rockall, we determined to abide by our firm friend till circumstances should render our return to the ship certain. In the meantime we amused ourselves in forming plans for a future residence on this desolate abode, in the event of the ship being blown away during the night. If the weather should become more stormy, and that our position to leeward was rendered unsafe, in consequence of the divided waves running round and meeting, it was resolved that we should abandon the heaviest of the two boats, and drag the other up to the brow of the rock, so as to form, when turned keel upwards, a sort of hurricane house. These, and various other Robinson Crusoe kind of resources, helped to occupy our thoughts, half in jest, half in earnest, till, by the increased gloom, we knew that the sun had gone down. It now became indispensable to adopt some definite line of operations, for the angry looking night was setting in fast.

Fortunately we were saved from further trials of patience or ingenuity by the fog suddenly rising, as it is called—or dissipating itself in the air, so completely, that, to our great joy, we gained sight of the ship once again.

It appeared afterwards that they had not seen our little island from the Endymion nearly so soon as we discovered her; and she was, in consequence, standing almost directly away from us, evidently not knowing exactly whereabouts Rockall lay. This, I think, was the most anxious moment during the whole adventure; nor shall I soon forget the sensation caused by seeing the jib-sheet let fly, accompanied by other indications that the frigate was coming about.

I need not spin out this story any longer. It was almost dark when we got on board. Our first question was the reproachful one, "Why did you fire no guns to give us notice of your position?" "Fire guns!" said they; "why, we have done nothing but blaze away every ten minutes for these last five or six hours." Yet, strange to say, we had not heard a single discharge!

ODE, BY COLERIDGE,

TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE,
ON THE 24TH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

"And hail the chapel! hail the platform wild,
Where Tell directed the avenging dart,
With well-strung arm, that first preserved his child,
Then aimed the arrow at the tyrant's heart."

Splendour's fondly fostered child!
And did you hail the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell?
Oh Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?
Light as a dream your days their circle ran,
From all that teaches brotherhood to man
Far far removed; from want, from hope, from fear;
Enchanting music lulled your infant ear;
Obedience, praises, soothed your infant heart:
Emblazonnments and old ancestral crests,
With many a bright obtrusive form avert,
Detained your eye from nature: stately vests,
That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,
Rich viands and the pleasurable wine,
Were your's unlearned by toll; nor could you see
The unenjoying toiler's misery.
And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell.
Oh Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?
There crowd your finely-fibred frame
All living faculties of bliss;
And Genius to your cradle came,
His forehead wreathed with lambent flame,
And bending low, with godlike kiss,
Breathed in a more celestial life;
But boasts not many a fair compeer,
A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?
And some perchance might wage an equal strife,
Some few to nobler being wrought,
Co-rials in the nobler gift of thought.
Yet these delight to celebrate
Laureled war and plumed state
Or in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness:
Pernicious tales! insidious strains!
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the lot unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of ignorance and penury.
But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child,
You hailed the chapel and the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell.
Oh Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

You were a mother. That most holy name,
Which Heaven and Nature bless,
I may not vildly prostitute to those
Whose infants owe them less
Than the poor caterpillar owes
His gaudy parent fly.
You were a mother—at your bosom fed
The babes that loved you. You, with laughing eye,
Each twilight thought, each innocent feeling read,
Which you yourself created. Oh, delight!
A second time to be a mother,
Without the mother's bitter groans;
Another thought and yet another,
By touch, or taste, by looks, or tones,
O'er the growing sense to roll,
The mother of your infant's soul.
The angel of the earth, who, while he guides
His chariot planet round the goal of day
All trembling gaze on the eye of God,
A moment turned his awful face away;
And as he viewed you, from his aspect sweet
New influence in your being rose,
Blest intuitions and communions fleet
With living nature in her joys and woes.
Thenceforth your soul rejoiced to see
The shrine of social liberty.
Oh, beautiful—Oh nature's child,
'Twas thence you hailed the platform wild,
Where once the Austrian fell
Beneath the shaft of Tell.
Oh Lady, nursed in pomp and pleasure,
Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

—Coleridge's Works.

HEREDITARY MONARCHY.

In a recently published pamphlet, entitled "A Dissertation upon Heirs Male," by Alexander Sinclair, Esq. (Edinburgh, Blackwoods), which contains much curious learning in the department of genealogy, it is shown that the family of Balfour, whose right to the Scottish crown was preferable on the hereditary principle to that of Bruce, is now represented by the Duchess d'Angoulême, who has therefore, by *divine right*, a better claim on the sovereignty of at least the northern section of the island than the existing sovereign. To many who may be disposed to hold lightly the right of Louis Philip to reign as king of the French, it will be not less surprising to learn that he has, on the same principle, a better title to the British crown than the lady about to wear it, being descended from the eldest son of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia (daughter of James I), while the reigning queen is descended from her youngest daughter—the only Protestant, however, of the family. That these matters should be so little known to the world, shows in a striking manner the unimportance into which the hereditary right of government has fallen.

EMPLOYMENT NECESSARY FOR LUNATICS.

At Saragossa, in Spain, there is an asylum for the insane of all countries. The patients are divided, early in the morning, into parties, some of which perform the menial offices of the house; others repair to shops belonging to their respective trades; the majority are distributed, under the superintendence of their guards, through a large enclosure, where they are occupied in the works belonging to gardening and agriculture. Uniform experience is said to prove the efficacy of these labours in reinstating reason in its seat. It is added that the nobles, who live in the same asylum, but in a state of illness suitable to their rank, retain their lunacy and their privileges together; whilst their inferiors are restored to themselves and to society. This fact is so striking, explains so thoroughly the moral treatment of insanity, and illustrates so clearly what ought to be the plan adopted in all systems of education, that I make the statement without comment—since no argument can add to its weight, and no sophistry detract from its utility.—*Medical Intelligence.*

THOUGHTS ON COMMONPLACE SUBJECTS.

SOIRÉES.

We are friends to soirées. They are a prodigious improvement upon public dinners, though not as yet capable of superseding these assemblages. Perhaps this sheet goes into the hands of thousands of people in England who do not rightly comprehend what we mean by soirées. Soirée (pronounced swarrey) is a French word signifying evening party. Social evening meetings among private persons have been for a number of years known in this country by this suitable foreign appellation, but lately the term has been applied to assemblages of a large or public nature, in which a desire for rational amusement, the acquisition of some kind of interesting intelligence, or the inculcation and exchange of moral sentiment, have formed the object of meeting. We do not know how far these public soirées have come into fashion in the large English towns, but we know that for the last year or two they have been pretty frequent, and become exceedingly popular, in the principal towns in Scotland. The credit of originating them, and bringing them into general appreciation, rests, we believe, in a great measure with the Scottish dissenters, who are generally disposed to encourage the great object of moral improvement which the temperance societies have in view—at least, they have come prominently forward on all occasions to promote the cause of abstinence from intoxicating fluids. Soirées are, in our opinion, the very kind of thing which is calculated to extirpate drunkenness; for in taking away one kind of gratification—the base gratification of drinking—they give another, which is of an innocent and improving quality; and this is an important point in the cause of social advancement.

There is one feature in the character of the soirée entertainment, which is eminently deserving of notice. The party, which may consist of several hundreds of persons, is composed of both sexes. The humanising influence of woman is present. There is the respectable tradesman with his wife and daughters; there is the young mechanic or shopkeeper with his sweetheart, she whom he delighteth to honour; there are the young and old; and there are also the different ranks of persons—clergymen, masters, and servants, all met in the "bond of peace" and harmony of feeling. The refreshments consist of tea, coffee, and some light affair of confectionary or fruit, with a due supply of lemonade or other liquid equally simple, the whole causing an expense of not more than a shilling ahead. With these trifles for physical solacement, the company, who are quite lively and chatty with each other, are ever and anon entertained with a speech on some subject of interest; the amusement being varied with pieces of vocal music executed by a few of the best singers in the company. In short, all is as it should be. Every one goes home satisfied with what he has heard and seen. There has been no excess; and several hours have been agreeably and profitably spent in what is felt to be real enjoyment.

Surely it is by this kind of means that social advancement is to be promoted. There can be no doubt as to the fact that such entertainments encourage a love of harmless recreation. As they have been hitherto arranged, they do not afford the same scope for delivering speeches or sentiments that health-drinking assemblages always offer; but this deficiency may perhaps yet be supplied when the fashion of soirées comes more into vogue. We should hope that the practice of drinking healths will at any rate never be permitted to intrude into these now well-regulated meetings. A great step has been already gained in the improvement of popular usages, and care must be taken to avoid making a retrograde movement. In the hands of a miscellaneous class of persons, soirées might also have a tendency to degenerate into something less respectable than they are at present; indeed, we feel assured that in some places, where education has as yet made little progress, such meetings would, in all likelihood, terminate in disorder and mischief, instead of producing concord and peaceful moral improvement. We, however, hope for better things from the judicious managers of the soirées which are occasionally taking place in Edinburgh and the other large towns in the north, and that the practice will spread on a well-regulated principle.

WEATHER PROPHECYING.

In the course of the months of April and May of the present year, which has been almost unequalled for its beautiful and productive summer, the following paragraph made the round of the newspapers, raising no small degree of alarm in the minds of many of its readers:—

"The Weather.—In a work published in 1832, entitled Mackenzie's Manual of the Weather, the following remarkable passage occurs:—'The years corresponding with the 1782 and 83, are the 1836 and 37. In the former pair of years, the first summer and the last winter had by far the greatest proportions of the falls,

the cold exceeding upon the first summer: on the contrary, in the last pair of years, the greatest falls are upon the first winter and the last summer; the cold being excessive upon both the summers of the pair, but more particularly severe upon the last, or summer of 1837, a season which promises to exceed in cold, rain, snow, frost, any summer within the last five hundred years. It will, therefore, behoove the rulers of the land, of all ranks, as well as the public at large, to be as well prepared for this severe visitation of nature as circumstances will permit; for not only are these years exceedingly unfavourable, but the year 1838 is equally unpromising; consequently this, and the following year of 1839, will form a period of distressing privation, since upon these two last the deficiency of the years 1837 and 38 will fall with greatest effect.'"

We have now quoted the paragraph for the purpose of exposing the fallacy of prophesying regarding the weather, which obviously baffles both experience and scientific research.

STEAM-BOAT EXPLOSIONS.

The number of explosions of the boilers of steam-boats which have taken place lately, is exceedingly discreditable. A steam-boiler should not blow up any more than a common tea-kettle, if properly managed. Bad materials or workmanship in the first place, and carelessness or ignorance in the second, are the sole cause of these accidents. Some time ago (in No. 261) we explained the manner in which such explosions usually take place, which is by the over-great elaboration of steam from the water which is hastily propelled into the almost empty and red hot boiler, just as the boat is going to start. The valves cannot, or do not, let off the spare steam fast enough, and the weakest part of the boiler consequently gives way. We accuse the Mahomedans of trusting to fate in every thing, of giving themselves no concern about the proximate causes of things, of ascribing all the ills of life to the decrees of Providence, and there letting the matter rest. We are afraid that the mass of the people in our own country are not much better than Mahomedans in these respects. They, and the persons they select to legislate for them, go on from day to day, and year to year, seeing all the time hundreds of their fellow-creatures sent to the bottom of the sea in rotten and worn-out ships, or blown to the air and scalded to death in steam-vessels, without making the smallest effort—a little newspaper fuss at every accident excepted—to prevent these evils from occurring in future. We should like to see a little more alacrity in setting these things to rights. Coffin ships, as a certain class of trading vessels are appropriately termed, should not be permitted to take on board either goods or passengers, with the hollow pretension of taking them to foreign countries; and no steam-vessel should be allowed on any account to leave its station, without being duly licensed as of warrantable materials and machinery, and under the management of a captain and engineer thoroughly versed in the duties of their profession. With regard to the more urgent of these measures, a preventive, as far as is practicable, for steam-boat explosions, the evil will by and by cure itself to a considerable extent—not by a public demonstration of dissatisfaction, which would cost too much trouble, but simply—by a great number of persons refraining from going on board any of this description of vessels. Panic is one of the most catching of all things, and a few more explosions will help wonderfully to deter people from trusting their lives to such precarious vehicles. If the managers of respectable steam-boat companies have a due regard for their own honour or profit, they will be the most eager to demand such a legislative enactment as we have pointed out.

TO TAKE A SPECK FROM THE EYE.

We lately learned a very clever and safe mode of extracting any little speck of dirt or dust from the eye, when it cannot be easily removed by the hand. It consists in licking it out with the tongue. The person affected lays his head down with his face uppermost, and the operator, desiring that the eye shall be kept open, comes across it gently with his tongue, so as effectually to wipe it clear of the extraneous body. This, we find, has been a common practice among some classes of stone-cutters, on getting what is called a *fire* in their eye; and we doubt if the whole of the resources of the medical art could afford a better remedy.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Some time ago, we heard of the death of a very fine child of two or three years of age, in consequence of the ignorance of the mother, in a matter with which every one ought to be well acquainted. An eruption of some kind appeared on the head of the child, and the foolish parent not being aware that out-breakings of this description are modes of relief wisely established by nature for clearing the constitution of its impurities, resorted to a remedy which drove the eruption inwards, and thus led to the death of the infant. We wish that the mentioning of this fact may have the effect of impressing upon mothers the extreme danger of their endeavouring in any way to check the progress of external eruptions on their children. Measles, small-pox, and all similar appearances on the surface of the body, are nothing more than the demonstrations of nature in throwing disease outwards from the vital parts of the system; and the more they make themselves seen, the better.

TRIFLES TO SMILE AT.

WHERE A ROAD GOES TO.

A gentleman, a stranger, asked a countryman, whom he was mending a road near Ross, "Where does this road go to?" The countryman replied, "I don't know, sir; I find it here when I come to work in the morning, and I leave it here at night; but where it goes in the mean time I don't know."—*Worcester Journal*.

A MAN OF FEW WORDS.

A young man some time since arrived at a certain inn, and after alighting from his horse, went into the travellers' room where he walked backwards and forwards for some time, displaying the utmost self-importance. At length he rang the bell and, upon the waiter's appearance, gave him an order, namely, "Waiter!" The waiter replied, "Sir." "I am a man of few words, and don't like to be continually ringing the bell and disturbing the house; I'll thank you to pay attention to what I say." The waiter again replied, "Yes, sir." "In the place, bring me a glass of brandy and water (cold) with a little sugar, and also a tea-spoon; wipe down this table, throw some coals on the fire, and sweep down the hearth; bring me a couple of candles, pen, ink, and paper, some wafers, a little writing-wax, and let me know what time the post goes out; tell the ostler to take care of my horse, dress him well, stop his feet, and let me know when he's ready to feed; order the chambermaid to prepare me a good bed, take care that the sheets are well washed, a clean night-cap, and a glass of water in the room; send the boot with a pair of slippers that I can walk to the stable in; tell him I must have my boots cleaned, and brought into the room at night, and that I shall want to be called at five o'clock in the morning; ask your mistress what I can have for supper; tell her I should like a roast duck, or something of that sort; desire the master to step in, I want to ask him a few questions about the drapery of this town." The waiter answered, "Yes, sir," and then went to the landlord and told him a gentleman in the parlour wanted a great many things, and, amongst the rest, wanted him, and that was all he could recollect.

THE IRONING DAY.

One day * of dread is o'er—but ills are double,
Now comes the IRONING DAY—all toil and trouble!
An ironing day's an iron age to me—
Too sad a truth, although 'tis irony!
A thousand ills my heated frame environ,
When'er I'm ruffled by a smothering iron.
My pen I snatch, and try to write plain prose,
Some burning tag-rag stuff offends my nose;
For purer air I'm each apartment seeking,
But noxious vapours every where are reeking!
Put to strange shifts and numerous shifts while trying,
I'm shivering wet, while all things round are drying.
'Tis worse, far worse, than standing with bare feet
At Christmas, doing penance in a sheet!
I pace the garden heavy as a sledge,
"Linen," as Falstaff says, "on every hedge."
There fringed curtains waft like clouds in air,
Each ruffled shirt's "a ravell'd sleeve of care,"
Vainly I muse on poetry divine,
A dismal gloom is thrown o'er every line.
Winds, as they blow, long trains of terror spread,
Frill'd caps and gown-tails flapping 'gainst my head!
My pathway's stopp'd—to find the track is puzzling—
I'm clasp'd by calico, or wrapt in muslin.
Walking, I stoop to 'scape the flying evils,
Where long pronged sticks stand up like forked devils!
Each holly-bush, tall shrub, or painted post,
Appall'd spectre seems, or green-eyed ghost!
From boughs suspended, bodied gowns I see,
As if a hatman hung on every tree.
My house once more I enter—all annoyances,
Throwing, as 'twere, wet blankets o'er my joys:
I dare not speak—I'm told the work it hinders—
To lend a hand were but to burn my fingers!
Tormented thus, of life itself I tire,
Plagued with so many irons in the fire.
* The washing day.

APPROVED REMEDIES FOR EVERY-DAY MALADIES.

For a fit of Passion: Walk out in the open air; you may open your mind to the winds without hurting any one, or proclaiming yourself a simpliciton. For a fit of Illness: Count the ticks of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next and work like a negro. For a fit of Extraneous and Folly: Go to the workhouse, or speak with the ragged mates of a jail, and you will be convinced.
Who makes his bed of briar and thorn,
Must be content to lie forlorn.
For a fit of Ambition: Go into the churchyard, and read the gravestones; they will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your bed-chamber, the earth your pillow, corrupt your father, and the worm your mother and your sister. For a fit of Repining: Look about for the halt and the blind, and take the bed-ridden and afflicted, and deranged; and they will make you ashamed of complaining of your lighter afflictions.

SHOOTING ACCOUNT.

A young sportsman has favoured us with the following, which he gives as a correct statement of the debtor and creditor account of his last year's sporting excursions, and assures us that he has, in consequence, resolved to abandon the pursuit:—
Taking out certificate £3 10
A new gun, well mounted 8 10
A brace of pointers, dog cheap 10 10
Shooting-jacket and scarlet waistcoat 2 10
Half-boots, powder-horn, net, shot-belt, turn-screw, and whistle 1 10
Powder, shot, and gun-flints 1 10
Keep of dogs 1 10
Law expenses, and attending justices of peace to answer informations 9 5
Paid fine for killing a hare 5 0
Paid for ten sheep, wounded by Pluto 15 0
Carriage of game to London 0 3
Surgeon's bill, for attendance and dressing my hand, which I lacerated dreadfully by drawing my charge when my gun was cocked; quite a miracle I did not lose three fingers 6 6
£50 0

OFFSET TO THE ABOVE.

By one leveret, caught by the dogs, in September 0 0
By one hare shot by myself whilst sitting in the snow 0 0
By one brace of young partridges, caught by the dogs 0 0
By one partridge, shot by myself, flying 0 0
By a leash ditto, sitting in snow 0 1
By one quail, caught by the pointers 0 0
By one hen pheasant, shot by himself when perched 0 0
To balance out of pocket 57 0
£50 0

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